**Gore and Ichor**

O carmine crate of crave and credence,

Siphoning down the sanguine of sustenance,

Through veiled veins that vie vehemence,

Along the fringes of frost and acquaintance.

Thou soak sensations and stifling infirmity,

Drifting diversities apart,

Enamouring adversity with allying affinity,

Succouring solemnity on rampart.

Thou art trounced for non-extant averment,

Thine fever reverberates every norm of the soul,

Ruined as mortal gore of turmoil;

When sympathy is bestowed upon thine sentiment,

Thou pour the ichor of equanimity,

Ennobling veracity to elevate vivacity.

-Aadityaamlan Panda